

RISHMA DUNLOP

Rock Me

Come, my daughters, come to my bedside of white sheets,
to the bindings of crib to coffin, baby bracelet to toe-tag.

Rock me through this picked-to-the-bone-dry world.
Feel the objects of our lives animated by our desires.

Rock me through cities of satellites and constellations,
through the high beams of lighthouses, and trains.

Rock me through bars and coffee shops, atriums, and parks,
and through lavender and rose gardens and rot and decay.

Rock me in the comfort of clean linens.
Just as I have crawled inside of you.

Sing. Sing to your mother. Sing my name ... Rishma, Rishma
And make me a moonbeam girl, — a star-child.

Rock me, so I feel myself beloved on this earth, despite
the live burial of my dreams. While broken trees

drip their leaves into my five-alarm fire — take
a filament of my hair to light your ways.

Rock me, — and see how I shine through your organs
like a radiation beam.